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Congo News Letter

NOVEMBER 1940

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ONLY ONE CAME BACK

The great red ball of the sun had dropped into the brilliantly lit cloud mass of a tropical sunset. Swiftly the darkness swooped down. And almost as suddenly the noises of the day stopped. The evening breeze rustled the palm branches and the crickets commenced their vesper song. We heaved an almost audible sigh of content for the calmness. For the day had been a busy one. Early morning prayers, choir practice, Sunday School, morning worship service and — our Commencement Tea!

How proudly and happily the graduates had been strutting around the compound for hours to display their new outfits, especially their ties and shoes! And what fun to be served a white man's tea with sandwiches and cake on Mama Anderson's lawn. A few found it hard to believe that the music coming out of the box on the table really was being played in England or France or Germany, as Tata Freas said as he turned the knobs. But it was enjoyable nevertheless. And what an unexpected honor to have the Administrator and his wife come to share the gala occasion. But even good things must come to an end and all too soon it was over. The group scattered and we went for a stroll before the bell for evening service should ring.

As we returned, it was quite dark, so that it was impossible to recognize the figure who stepped out from the bushes at our gate. But as he answered our greeting, we knew him to be one of the graduates, our former cook-boy.

"Please, I want to talk with you."

"Alright, go right ahead, we are listening."

"In my Bible I read that when Jesus was here on earth, ten lepers came to him to be healed. He sent them away to show themselves to the priest in the temple, and they were cleansed. But only one came back and kneeling, thanked him for what he had done,

"Years ago, I was only a boy far out in my village. You two came out for a meeting and brought me back home with you. You gave me work as your garden boy and let me go to the two-o'clock school. I learned many things there. Then you took me into your house and taught me to be your cook. (Indeed, yes, I well remember the time he prepared the cocoa and served it in the vegetable dish with the soup ladle tucked in!) Then when I had been on the station for several years, you released me from service in your house, that I might spend my time in the boarding school. I was very happy there. Now I have graduated and am ready to teach. I hope to teach for one year and then try the Kimpese entrance examinations. I want to become better trained so that I can go back to my own people and serve the Lord there. But it is only because of you that I can do this. If you had not brought me to Sona Bata and put me in school I could never have been a teacher. So, now I don't want to be like the nine who received help from the Master and went on their way saying nothing. I want to be like the one who came back." So, kneeling in the dust, commencement suit forgotten, he clapped his hands according to native fashion: "I thank you because I was allowed to come to school and I pray that God may be with me and help me to grow in His service and that he may bless you, too."

We were deeply moved. Mpialu did not graduate with honors, he had never been at the top of his class, but he had always been willing and faithful and cheerful. He had not only attended his own classes, but had also helped teach in the girls' school, and in the Sunday School. He was always ready to accompany and assist us in conducting services in the leper colony. He had a strong bass voice and delighted to sing and was quite proud when

allowed to conduct a singing class. Yes, God willing, he will make a splendid teacher and, we hope, some day a fine pastor. We didn't want or expect his "Thank you" but how thrilled we were to find in his heart the wish to give it! Ah yes, every year there are over a hundred boys in the Boarding School and approximately twenty graduate. But only one came back! True, even to our great Master, only one in ten came back. We are not here in service to receive their thanks, but what about ourselves? How many come back? What has not the Lord done for us — even given His life that we might not perish! And we, — do we come back with verbal thanks only, or, like Mpialu, do we say, "I am grateful to be allowed to give myself to serve my Master."

HOW?

The missionaries at Kikongo have just received the following two letters. The first was written by one of the boys trained at Kikongo and the second by the chief of a large tribe of people who have been practically untouched by us. The young man is in charge of a dispensary and daily ministering to the physical suffering of this people. But he, apparently, has told them that there is One who can cleanse them from the sickness of sin.

"Greetings to all the white teachers at Kikongo, from your child Mabala.

I am still working in the dispensary in the village of chief Kalenga. Hear me, they are always asking for teachers. Send them teachers in a hurry ..... don't wait.

Greetings to you from me, your child. May the Lord be with us for all time.

I, Jean Mabala."

"Happy Greetings to you in the love of Jesus.

I, Chief Kalenga, want you to send me 9 teacher-evangelists to teach the word of God in my whole kingdom, so that there may be Light. I am very sad because the Word of God is unknown in my kingdom. Please send us some strong teachers who know well the Word of God.

Greetings to all of you white teachers from

Chief Kalenga."

"How then shall they call on him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher? and how shall they preach, except they be sent?"

Must the appeals of those who ask for the Word of Life go unanswered?

V.L. Smith

MISSIONARY MILESTONES

When I returned to Kilembika the other day after two weeks on the trail Ma Mac said: "You look as if an elephant had stepped on you." Now that did not sound very sympathetic, did it? It is true I was skinned by the sun and had a sore on my lip that made me shave around the island for a number of days. Ma was a good deal more sympathetic than this remark indicated but it brought to my mind a story I sometimes told while doing deputation work to illustrate how good friends at home made remarks about missionaries leaving their children in the homeland — remarks that were intended to be sympathetic but which hurt more than they helped. The story is that an elephant once frightened a lark off its nest, leaving its unhatched eggs in the cool air. The elephant, feeling very sympathetic, and fearing the eggs would become cold, decided to sit on them till the lark returned. It was what you would call a "crushing sympathy".

Usually I enjoy the trail but a burning March sun combined with a straining of the muscles of the left leg on the second day of travel made this trip "mpasi zingi" (much trouble). Ma tells me thad I had better leave such stunts to a younger generation of missionaries.

And yet when one is feeling glum some trivial incident happens which makes him and the natives about laugh. The other day as I sat down to rest in a village I heard a report like a pistol shot, followed by my porters setting up a lusty laugh. On looking around I saw the cause. The missionary had set aside a few eggs that morning as being too dubious to be carried further. One of the men had attempted to cook an egg in the embers

but after the explosion there was little left of it.

The village chief usually brings a present of food; some times it is a chicken, but more often there are eggs which you may regard with suspicion, but you clap your hands together and say, "Thank you". A boiled egg on the trail is more hazardous than the exchange of jack-knives we made as youngsters, "unsight and unseen". Even with fried or poached eggs many are broken but few chosen.

In spite of the difficulties of the trail, probably in another year I'll be "rarin" to go, remembering the joy of telling the Old Old Story which is the glad News to many people in the far-away places. Physical discomforts are soon forgotten, but the joy of seeing lives freed from the bondage of fear and superstition as they accept God as a kind Heavenly Father and Christ as Saviour and friend remain an abiding remembrance.

P.A. MacDiarmid

FREDERICKSONS' DIARIES

—1899—

NEWS SUMMARY: Little Stella Nelson was born at Kifwa, March 27. There was no doctor present, Mr. Nelson and I attended. Mother and baby got along nicely.

A new church was built of clay at Kifwa, it can seat 500. The day of the inauguration was a great spiritual event; several spoke of this house as a gift of thanksgiving to God.

In December, an officer tried to force twenty to thirty children in Boko village to go to Kisantu, but the Christian relatives refused, because they knew that they had been promised religious freedom by the State.

"The tyranny of rum and gin fiends is at an end, forever, I trust," wrote Mr. Harvey. "By a further extension of the prohibition law, the white man's drink cannot be carried beyond the Mpozo River which runs between Palabala and Matadi."

— 1900 —

WE GO ON FURLOUGH: Fred had been out nine years without any rest, and three years of that time had been alone. Baby Ruth and I needed rest and change of climate. Mr.and Mrs. Neslon, who had returned sixteen months before, accompanied us to the Madimba depot. We had lunch there and bid them and Stella good-bye.

We had five long hours on the train to Tumba, Ruth and I having the only chair left and Fred sitting on the edge of the car in sun, smoke, soot and wind. The intense heat and cigar smoke was hard on us and baby, who seemed half afraid of so many white people and sat silent all of the way. At Palabala we had two weeks of Christian fellowship with Mr. and Mrs. Harvey and the Christians who came to worship. Baby had her birthday there, two years old.

April 3rd, we went on board the "S.S. Anversville". The cabin given us was very hot and baby seemed exhausted the first night, and worse the next night. The doctor attended her and found her temperature to be 106.4 degrees, and diagnosed "heat stroke". He did everything he could for her but soon our girlie lay in coma, waking only to ask for "mother and a drink," and then to sleep again. Then I was stricken with double pneumonia. Fred nursed us both and the doctor was very kind. For eight days baby lay there with no pain and never cried, and then our darling passed away early on April 12th. Dr. Gore had watched with us all night.

With the kind help of the only other lady passenger and our faithful steward, baby was dressed in white and taken away. Poor Fred himself had to speak at the funeral, on deck, from where the precious remains were gently lowered into the sea wrapped in white linen and watertight canvas with heavy iron bolts fastened underneath and the English flag covering the top. We have a small mark on the map of Africa, three days journey south of Sierra Leon, where our darling was buried. Oh, the stillness when the steamer stopped! I could only visualize what was going

on. In a few minutes the engines moved again and we were off once more. The officers and all the passengers shook hands with Fred in their kind sympathy.

This sad event caused a critical turn in my illness, and I wanted only to go to my baby. But when I saw Fred on the settee, sad with grief and anxiety, and when I thought of our three dear girls expecting us home, I felt a will to get well again and be with them all. The cabin we had was the hottest of all, and we found, too late, that *it was over the boilers* and the steam pipes under baby's settee.

WHERE LITTLE RUTH SLEEPS

(Copied from a newspaper, only changing the personal pronoun to the feminine. It was written by an admirer of Joseph Conrad.)

"The winds will sing her requiem, and the waves will be her lullaby. The hand of man in the march of improvement and in the search for wealth will never disturb her peaceful rest; the tireless albatros and the piping scream of the seagull alone will waken the eternal stillness of her rocky ocean home. But she is as near heaven in that awful solitude as she would be in the grandest cemetery of the world, and when the sea and the solitary places give up their dead, she will not be forgotten."

* * * *

WE REACH BELGIUM! Fred had an interview with the Minister Colonies with whom he discussed very important matters concerning our Mission field in Congo. He was shown great courtesy and sympathetic understanding and left quite hopeful for the future. After leaving for Norway our streamer stopped at Christiansand where lived our best friends the Rasmussens who had so lovingly cared for our little Doris, then seven, and our hearts were glad when she was quite pleased to go with us to Christiania. One of the passengers, seeing our little daughter come on board to go home with us, said: "Mrs. Frederickson, you are

the happiest woman on board." And I was happy, in spite of our recent loss. Our home coming was a great event, as usual; a reunion with my parents, brother, sisters, friends and our three daughters, all of whom had expected to see little Ruth.

Fred went to Denmark to speak in the churches about our work in Congo. He visited his elderly sisters and a brother there. Both of us spoke in several places and to many people in Norway on our furlough. There was a group of ladies, elderly, most of them pastors' widows, who had sent money to be used in our work as an appreciation of the kind care given the son of Mrs. Yurgens when he had been stricken with fever and died on the Upper Congo where he was an officer of the Congo Free State. For years these ladies gave of their money, consecrated by interest and prayers. One by one these friends died, but what they did will be remembered.

As my parents were aging, and had cared so wonderfully for two of our daughters for years, we decided to take all three of our girls to America. We landed in New York City, March 30, 1901. Dr. Rhodes, Mr. and Mrs. Moody and Wilkie met us and we spent a wonderful day with the Moodys sight-seeing, till we boarded a steamer for New London, Connecticut. There Rev. J. Chester Hide met us and took us to "Jerome Place", Uncasville, where kind Mrs. Julia Starr gave us an apartment in which we stayed that summer. We joined the church where Mr. Hyde was pastor. He had been a missionary in our Congo Mission for several years. It was in this church that Fred was ordained, the Waterford Baptist Church, Quaker Hill, Connecticut. Dr. Henry Mabie preached the ordination sermon.

In Norway I had taken our three girls out of school and taught them entirely in the English language. This proved a help to them when they entered the little school in Uncasville, and later in Morgan park, Illinois.

Fred spent most of the furlough in deputation work. I was able to address women's meeting in towns nearby.

July 29th, our three girls and I left our friends in Con-

necticut and went by train to Chicago where Fred met us the next day. Then we went to Morgan Park to the Home for Missionaries' Children. Mrs. Dodge was the matron there. These separations are truly sacrifices, both for us and the children, but we felt sure that our girls would be well cared for. God gave His son, our children give up their parents.

M. M. Frederickson

ANNOUNCEMENTS

With this issue we change the time of printing of our little paper. It will now appear in February, May, August and November instead of in January, April, July and October. Contributors have seemingly never wanted to write for the January number until they could include news about Christmas, nor for the April number until after Easter, nor for the July number until after school closings, nor for the October number until after itinerations and Matondos. Hence we have always begun printing with little material on hand and have added as it came along. With manuscripts for publication now having to pass by the bureau of censure all material must be in hand before printing can be begun. Thus we bow to the will of contributors.

* * * *

Wrapping and stamping of the CONGO NEWS LETTER is done by school boys. We know that one address was lost in the last mailing but whose we do not know. If any one failed to receive their July number will they please let us know and we shall be glad to forward a copy.

* * * *

MISSIONARY SCHOLARSHIPS: Seven assignments of Missionary Fellowships and Scholarships to missionaries and nationals have been made by Union Theological Seminary, New York, for the year 1940-41. The appointees went to China (1), Japan (5) and Egypt (1).

Several Missionary Fellowships (yielding $750 a year and limited to Seminary graduates) and Missionary Schol-

arships (yielding $450 a year, preferably though not necessarily for Seminary graduates) are available annually for missionaries on furlough and for especially qualified nationals of mission lands. Further information can be obtained from the Registrar of the Seminary.

Twelve fully furnished apartments are available for missionaries on furlough. Information about them can be secured by addressing the Comptroller of the Seminary.

* * * *

DID YOU KNOW THAT — Hasseltine House, located in Newton Center, Mass., is a home operated by the W.A.B.F.M.S. for the comfort of missionaries on furlough? Their own missionaries have first call on the accommodations but there is usually room for couples of the General Society.

Hasseltine House has been completely renewed, inside and out, the walls insulated, new heating apparatus installed, and has all modern improvements.

Miss Rose Nicolet is just bringing to a close a highly successful term of service as matron. Miss Margaret Suman will be temporarily in charge. You are cordially invited to correspond directly with Miss Margaret Suman, Hasseltine House, 40 Chase Street, Newton Center, Mass., concerning a stay there during your next furlough.

REFERENCE COMMITTEE MEETING

Mere mention of the Reference Committee Meeting held at Kikongo this year instead of at Leopoldville is made elsewhere. For the first time in the history of the mission none of those present had to come by river boat or carrier. Mr. and Mrs. Geil, Mr. MacDiarmid, Mr. Lanoue and Mr. Hall drove up from the Lower Congo; Mr. and Mrs. Atkins over from Moanza and Mr. Robbins and Miss Jorgenson from Vanga. Miss Eldredge came from Tondo by plane to Banningville, thence by car. They enjoyed the opportunity of seeing Kikongo, our newest station, and the work being done there. And all agree that our missionaries in the bush— the Smiths, Armstrongs and Miss Anderson — know how to extend hospitality.

The meetings were especially difficult and trying as they took place the second week in June, just when so much was happening in Belgium and France. But even so, judging from the minutes, a fair amount of business was transacted and important decisions made.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

NKEWA AND NKIMA

(Every child likes stories. Congo children are no exception. Here is one of theirs.)

Once upon a time there was a little monkey, Nkewa. As he sat in a tree a large monkey came along swinging from tree to tree by great long leaps. Little Nkewa watched him and longed to do just as the big fellow was doing. He watched Nkima until he was out of sight. Then he went to the top of the tree and took a big leap as the other monkey had done. He missed the branch of the other tree and fell "Ker-plop". He tried it again, and again he fell "Ker-plop". He sat where he had fallen and scratched his head and planned how he could learn to take as big leaps as Nkima.

An idea came to him. Quickly he followed the same trail as Nkima had taken. He went with his quick but short leaps until he caught up with him. Very politely he said, "How do you do, Mr. Nkima."

Nkima answered, "And how are you?"

They talked for a bit, then Nkewa asked if he wouldn't like to be friends and if they could play together some day. That would be all right, answered Nkima. Could Nkewa come over tomorrow?

That was just what he wished. If he could play with the big fellow perhaps Nkima would teach him how to take big leaps. He said, "Thank you" and "Good-bye" and went home to rest up for the next day. Fairly early the next morning he went to hunt his breakfast of corn, peanuts and beans. When he had finished eating he went to call on his new friend.

Nkima suggested they play "Follow the Leader". Little Nkewa was happy. At first they went slowly, then Nkima started swinging from the top branch of one tree to the

lowest branch of another. Poor Nkewa! He kept falling and was always behind. Nkima just laughed and went off singing, "You're too small, you're too small, go and play with some one your own size."

Nkewa went home tired and bruised but determined to learn how to do it. He thought of the morning lark. He knew he was a very wise old bird, perhaps he could help him. In the morning he went to call on the wise old lark. The lark listened to his tale but could not help him. Again Nkewa sat down to think. As he sat in the top of the tree a group of hawks flew near him. He called to them and asked if they would help him. They flapped their wings in consent and flew down to the ground. Nkewa followed and sat on the lowest branch of the tree. He told them his trouble. One wise old hawk stood up and said, "Friend Nkima, there is one thing that you must do. It is a hard thing to do. Before I tell you, you must promise to do it."

"Tell me quickly," said the little monkey, "I promise that I will do it."

"Listen carefully, you must eat only what Nkima eats, no peanuts, no corn, no beans, nothing that is planted by men," said the old hawk.

Little Nkewa looked sad and dejected, how he did love peanuts, how he did love corn and sugar cane. How could he live on only the fruits of the trees in the forest? He said, "Thank you" and went away. Well, he had promised and he did want to take as big jumps as Nkima. All right, he wouldn't eat corn, peanuts, etc. He searched in the forest and tried to find some fruits that he liked but nothing tasted good. That night he went to bed a bit hungry but anticipating the next day's fun.

In the morning he went quickly to Nkima's home, before he had a chance to be hungry. That day he was happy. The hawk's advice worked. He was able to take as large leaps as Nkima. They played a long while, but finally they had to stop for they were too tired. Nkewa was oh, so tired. And when they had stopped he was more tired and

more hungry than ever. He searched all around for fruits but again he could find nothing that tasted good. He went home to sleep away his hunger.

The next morning he was so very hungry and his stomach did hurt. He'd have to decide whether he would be hungry and leap as Nkima or whether he would eat and do as his brothers and sisters did, take little short jumps. The longer he sat trying to decide, the hungrier he became. He knew if he ate peanuts and corn even once more he would never again be able to leap like Nkima. Finally he decided. He knew he couldn't live if he didn't eat, so off he went and ate and ate until his tummy was just stuffed full. Then he went to call his brothers and sisters to play. They had a very happy day, even more fun than when he had played with Nkima. After that Nkewa was content to be an nkewa and did not try to be an nkima again.

Some folks are just like little Nkewa. They are most unhappy because their Daddy doesn't earn enough to buy them all the dolls they wish or all the trucks. Some are unhappy because they don't live in the city where they could go to the zoo often. And others are unhappy because they don't live in the country where they would have lots of room to play outdoors. They would all be so much happier if they would learn to be content with what they have, and to enjoy all the things that they have, just as Nkewa learned to be happy just being a little monkey.

Eva Shepard

Tondo news this time comes from the pen of our new co-worker Dr. Russell, who with his wife, also a doctor, has come from England to work under special agreement with colleagues of our mission at Tondo. A trying experience was certainly theirs.

Friends of the Moon will be glad to know that they are well and, though retired, actively engaged in Christian work in California.

STATION NEWS

BANZA MANTEKE

We have just finished intinerating in three sections of the territory for which we are medically responsible. In connection with checking up on sleeping sickness, yaws, leprosy and other diseases we vaccinated hundreds of men, women and children. An epidemic of small pox had spread like wild fire over the territory. Fortunately it seems under control now.

Itineration of this sort is both interesting and profitable. This year completes ten years of systematic examination of villages. Cases of sleeping sickness, yaws and tropical ulcers which used to be many are now rare. Leper colonies which now exist had not then been established.

Talks were given which, I am afraid, were oftentimes disregarded as seeming to be only white man's foolishness. Whole families would be sick, yet isolation seemed to them to be out of the question. I was shocked to see a girl broken out with disease holding in her arms a small baby. Their fatalistic psychology is stated in these words, "Diambu dia Nzambi", meaning it's God's palaver. If God wants me to have small pox, I'll get it.

Banza Manteke boasts of having four old mission stations within her territory — Palabala, Lukunga, Old Banza Manteke and Mukimbungu. At each of these places, except Lukunga, there are dispensaries in care of Sona Bata medical school graduates. They are visited bi-monthly. For all of this work there is no doctor, so the responsibility rests upon the shoulders of nurses.

Now that Miss Youngsman and I are back we are alone on the station, as far as white people are concerned, as Mr. and Mrs. Geil and Misses Bonar and Shepard are out in the district in the interest of church and school.

We are happy to have Miss Eva Shepard with us

from Vanga this dry season. She is studying Kikongo. Since it is used in the schools there, it is necessary for the missionaries to know it, even though it is not the language used by the natives. By using Kikongo in the schools the children come to know it and in turn teach it, thus enabling the schools and people of the district to have a wider range of reading material.

While itinerating we are always mindful of the spiritual needs of the villagers. Mention was made on one occasion of the candlelight service at the Northern Baptist Convention this year. We had a kerosene lantern which helped a little in brightening up the church, then the teacher came along with his small light, that brightened some more, then others came. We trust that our Christians will be lights.

In one of our villages there is an old man who remembers when missionairies first arrived here. He spoke of the difficulties they had in making the Word known. He also spoke of the difficulties that the native pastors had. They were not understood, yet they labored on until results were manifested. Faithful women often gave them food secretly so that they would not starve.

At Mukimbungu there originally was a market on the station compound. Now it is outside the compound, where the villagers have permission to sell wine made of palm, oranges, sugar cane or pineapples. The drinking problem is acute. Strenuous measures are being made toward solving it. One native made the statement: "How can we support a teacher if we do not sell wine and make money?" It is not this type, however, who is concerned about having a teacher in the village.

An Institute was held here on the station recently for teachers and pastors. Dr. Mabie was with us from Kimpese to help. The other faculty members were the Geils and Miss Bonar. About seventy responded and went back to their work enthused and eager to carry on. Some of the older ones were as eager as children to show their slates when they had finished their problems. One naïvely remarked:

"I have not been taught for a long time, I've been teaching all the time." It was a great privilege for us to hear them give native proverbs and fables and to see them dramatize various Bible stories.

Dr. Tuttle continues his visits, although he does very little surgery, due to present conditions. Because of this the medical work is considerably curtailed. Our sub-dispensaries are not doing the work they previously did; I suppose the natives want to keep what little money they have. Nevertheless, we are kept busy and are happy to say that in many cases the work is going forward. May we be vigilant.

Esther J. Ehnbom

KIMPESE VACATION NEWS

The three vacation months have sped swiftly by and student families have been back in residence for a couple of weeks and the new session is well under way, with just over a hundred men registered and seventy-five wives in the Woman's School. We still have Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds with us and carrying a full work schedule. In May they had premonitions that getting to England in June might be difficult, if not impossible, and so it has transpired. There have been no boats from Matadi to England since the French debacle. We here are all very happy to have them with us, much as we may wish it were possible for them to be enjoying a care free year's holiday at home with Mary.

Mr. and Mrs. Morrish, Janet and baby Ruth Mary, arrived in mid July to resume their work at Kimpese after a considerable time spent at Wathen. They were heartily welcomed back by us all. We have a large staff, yet everybody is carrying a full work schedule. All the men have twenty-five periods of teaching each week with plenty of other duties afternoons.

The school has gone onto a four year schedule, but men already enrolled in the three year one, if able enough, are not being disturbed. In consequence we have to carry six regular classes, as formerly, and the Superior Pastor's

course inaugurated last year. Examinations given all new men revealed the fact that eight could only hope to make the grade in the so called "B" class, a two year's class for poorly prepared men round about thirty years of age who have rendered good and effective service for some years and want more training. These men, for the most part, need classes by themselves. However, we are this year entering them part time in regular pastoral classes.

We have four divisions in the Women's School this year. In the more advanced class there are four or five quite able women who have been in station Boarding Schools. The class numbers twelve but the others are not equal to the two or three best. The first day of school I asked these better prepared women how they would like to be entered into classes with the men. Immediately they replied all together, "No, let us have our own classes. We like them much better. We would be lonely in the men's classes, just a few of us." Even these women really are not able to carry the work which I give my men's classes, and I believe their instinct to have their own classes is sound. In the first place, these women do not come to Kimpese as students per se. All are wives and most are mothers, some with several children. They have many family responsibilities. Absences from their own classes are serious, but less serious than if they were in the men's classes. In the second place, we try to prepare our work with the women with a view of helping them as women to prepare for distinctive Christian service in their homes, their churches and their towns. I believe this can more effectively be done in women's classes.

But to return to the vacation months. Most of June various members of the staff were serving otherwheres as members of their various mission executive committees. In July the Oscar Stenstroms and I were occupied with refresher courses at Matadi and Banza Manteke. At Banza Manteke we had an enthusiastic lot of teachers in for the month. They asked for sessions Saturday mornings and something was on almost every night. The morning ses-

sions were largely given to Bible instruction with a view to inspiring and refreshing their minds and hearts for further service. Over seventy were registered. The afternoons were devoted to teacher training for regional and village schools. Two evenings a week we had big bon-fires down in the picnic grounds near the station and had impromptu dramatizations of Bible stories, the telling of native fables in most dramatic fashion, etc. Certain of the Banza Manteke school teachers told the story of Joel a Boy of Galilee in nightly installments and found very interested listeners. Two nights a week stereopticon pictures were shown. A good time was had by all.

The Lanoues spent a very worthwhile month at Sona Bata and came home with a brother for Robert and Beverley. Since my return from Banza Manteke I have been spending three to five hours daily in revision work on the second part of Pilgrim's Progress, Christiana and the children's progress in the Christian life, also that of the other church members which they gathered about themselves and their Greathearted and faithful teacher as they journeyed heavenward. The story of Titus a Comrade of the Cross has also been revised and it is my hope that both may be in print before the end of another year, my last gift perhaps to the young people coming up in our schools and churches. I feel very keenly the dearth of interesting literature in our mission. There really isn't so very much incentive to learn to read unless there are lots of things one finds interesting to read?

There is always plenty of repair work which must be done on our large number of buildings here at Kimpese during the Sivu. Several new houses also have been built and are occupied. There really isn't much time here, school or no school, for loafing. However, there have been picnics on the Bangu and fishing parties at the Lukunga. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

Two girls broke out with small pox within a week of their return. Two grass shacks with a little cook house were thrown up quickly and the girls with the wives of

families with whom the girls had come were quaranteened within ten hours of the discovery of cases and we are hoping no more cases may develop. Fortunately a new consignment of vaccine was received just as the crowd came pouring back and so it has been possible to vaccinate all needing such protection. Several students and quite a few children have had the disease while in their towns this summer.

Am happily off on the last lap of my fairly long Congo journey, happy to still be able to do my bit along with the rest. God has been very good to me.

Catharine Mabie

P.S. Great excitement around here this afternon. An elephant was seen near the gare. Both the Stenstrom men and Lanoue were off after the beast. He will be swifter than they in all probability. It's some years since an elephant was last seen here. There seem to be plenty still in the Lukunga valley. Grass fires are rerouting some of them I suspect.

Later bulletin: And did they see him! He walked majestically unruffled within a few yards of them, a huge old fellow, crossed the Lukunga and went unconcernedly on his way. Nobody fired a shot at his majesty.

LEOPOLDVILLE

Last issue carried no news of Leopoldville, so announcement of the departure of the Watkins on furlough comes only at this late date. Not many stations go merrily along for almost five years with so few goings and comings of members of the staff. So, for Leopoldville it seemed indeed strange when the Watkins departed in May for the U.S. via South Africa. We have heard that they, going from Capetown by way of South America, arrived safely in New York just two days later than the Engwalls who went direct from Capetown to New York. May they all have a restful furlough and return to us with renewed strength and inspiration.

Matondo meetings, which were also graduation ex-

ercises this year, were a happy time at Leo. A record number of 51 were baptized, among them 18 school boys and 1 girl. Eight boys were graduated, having completed the 5 years of elementary school work. All are members of the church. Five of them are working with the mission in the print shop and school. One is employed at the American Consulate as office boy and another has a like position with a Belgian firm.

The Matondo offering was better than last year's in spite of many people now working only part time. And the Sunday afteroon outdoor meeting, at which were present our B.M.S. friends from Leopoldville-Est with their band and choir, drew a record crowd. A pageant, "Paul and Silas at Philippi — Their Imprisonment", was presented.

Margaret Hall

MOANZA

IT WOULD APPEAR THAT MOANZA IS ON THE MAP: We should go back to one night late in the month of March when Dr. Witt arrived on a bicycle from Kikongo. I should not say "on a bicycle" for it was rather a case of pushing and carrying the bicycle a good part of the way. The hospital soon took on the status of having a doctor. We were on parade and gloated over every word of praise for our new and practical hospital.

We feared the Watkins would pass us by on their interrupted journey through the Kwango district, but they arrived one afternoon and brought us encouragement and inspiration.

Dr. Witt drove from Kikongo to Banningville to meet Miss Eldredge who had come by air from Coquilhatville and they reached Vanga that same day. Mr. Atkins met them at Vanga and brought them on to Moanza. When they piled off the truck late one evening, to my astonishment and utter surprise Mrs. Smith from Kikongo was with them. We were pepped up no end to have them here at Moanza. Mrs. Smith was especially interested in the station and its building operations as she and her col-

leagues are going through a like period of construction at Kikongo. Miss Eldredge was here for a longer period and entered into the work and life of the station.

In May Mr. Atkins and I took the Engwalls to Kikwit where they took the plane part way to Lubondai. There they attended the closing exercises, two of their girls graduating from the grammar grades. Then they started on their furlough to the States via South Africa. Before we returned we visted some of the stations of the U.T.M. and also the Nears at Kandala.

After the Reference Committee Meeting in June at Kikongo we went on to Leopoldville to buy more building materials and groceries. The time spent there and at Sona Bata was appreciated very much, and helped to put us on our feet physically, for we both needed the rest and change. On our return we brought Miss Tice, who divided her vacation time between Moanza and Vanga. We were happy to find Miss Jorgenson already here, but sorry to have missed the visit of Mr. Robbins. After a week or so of very happy times, the exodus took place.

Early one morning in July Mr. Atkins drove the loaded truck away from here. Miss Tice and Miss Jorgenson, also Dr. Witt and a lot of her household stuff, for she was leaving to take over the work of Dr. Osterholm at Vanga. There were also a few men to help handle the loads on sandy hills. I learned later that even the young ladies had to help get the truck through the sand up the Kumbi hill.

After I had been here almost two weeks alone, Mr. Atkins returned, bringing with him a missionary couple from Balaka, Rev. and Mrs. Baiotti, who because of the war and circumstances are to spend some time with us here at Moanza. Both of them are entering into the work and we find them very congenial indeed.

Don't let the tall grass grow over the road again. The road is long, up and down with many curves, but you can find us — if you try.

Gwladys Ruth Atkins

SONA BATA

The dry season is always a busy time, with itineraries and Matondo meetings. This year was no exception. We hardly saw Vendla Anderson on the station. During June she itinerated in villages nearer Sona Bata but on July 1st she started out on a long trek to the Banfunika country, not returning until the last of August. More details of her trip we hope she will tell herself in a later issue of this paper. We know that she was a great blessing to the people, inspiring the believers and leading others to the way of Truth. Mr. and Mrs. MacDiarmid have also been gone a lot, attending matondo meetings and visiting villages. Emily Satterberg did the yearly medical survey for sleeping sickness, yaws, etc. of the villages allotted to us by the government. This work also offers unlimited opportunities of witnessing for Him. We could mention more visits in the district made by Mr. and Mrs. Erickson and others. We feel the district work has been strengthened and we pray that God will bless these efforts for the advancement of His Kingdom in Congoland.

We were very happy to welcome Dr. and Mrs. Osterholm and Kay on Sept. 4th. They have brought relief to our overburdened staff and we wish them a very happy stay at Sona Bata.

A few years ago a trip by camion to Kikongo would have been unheard of, but one day the early part of June we said goodbye to Mr. MacDiarmid and Mr. Hall as they started out in Dr. Freas' old Ford to attend a Reference Committee Meeting at Kikongo. They not only arrived safely, but the old Ford also arrived with but minor injuries and is now serving its last days as best it can in helping out at Kikongo.

When Mr. and Mrs. Atkins come back to Sona Bata, it always seems like they are coming home rather than only visiting. We were so glad for their visit following Reference Committee Meeting. Mr. Atkins gave valuable information and made designs of archway, fireplace, book case, and cupboards which have been used in the recon-

struction of the MacDiarmid house. Consequently his visit was a busy one. Miss Tice accompanied them on their return to Moanza from where she went to Vanga, returning home by river steamer.

It was our privilege to have Rev. and Mrs. Armstrong and Miss Eldredge visit us while waiting for passage to the homeland via South Africa and Rio. A cable has arrived telling of their safe arrival in America. We are thankful for the many ways in which the Lord has kept them during this long journey.

Rev. and Mrs. Lanoue and Beverley Jean spent a few weeks with us and left much richer than when they arrived. On July 24th a fine big baby boy, Richard Eugene, came to gladden their home.

Vacation Bible School was an innovation at Sona Bata this year. Only a limited number were chosen for the trial but they evidenced a marked increase in Bible knowledge, singing of Christian hymns, etc. under the able leadership of Mrs. Erickson. The trial was indeed a success and we trust that Vacation Bible School may be continued from year to year.

The Medical School opened again at the usual time, August 16th. We have 9 young men in the first year class: 1 from Ntondo, 1 from Moanza, 3 from Vanga, 1 from Banza Manteke, and 3 from Sona Bata. They are all starting their school work in earnest with the definite aim in view of going back to their village better able to lead their people to Christ through the art of healing. With this new class there are now 34 students enrolled in the school, 8 of them being in the graduating class. School for their wives started on the same day. Five of the wives who are better able to read are starting this year the two-year midwifery course. We trust in this way they will be even better able to help their husbands in caring for the sick.

We enjoyed so much having Catherine MacDiarmid home for the summer vacation. Her time with us passed altogether too quickly and before we knew it she was on

her way back to school at Lubondai. We are glad that she enjoys her school work there so much and we wish for her another pleasant year.

The usual Matondo meetings have been held in the district with the final big Matondo here at Sona Bata the week-end of September 8th, when the pastors, teachers, and village folks came to the station. For this latter we were very happy to have with us Dr. George Carpenter of Leopoldville who gave us several inspiring sermons. During these meetings 518 have been baptized. We rejoice over these and pray that they may grow in grace and in knowledge of His word.

Following the Sona Bata Matondo about 45 village teachers stayed for a 2 week's institute. They left at the end of that time with new zeal for their work and better able to give their best to the pupils in their charge.

Jeannette Tuttle

TONDO

Out here in Congo we seem far removed from all the stife and turmoil of Europe but we rejoice to be able to share the daily news, at least, with you over the radio and derive much blessing from the services broadcast each Sunday. We look forward to these so much since we have no other English Church any where near us.

It was in the month of April that I made my way down river to Leopoldville — some 500 miles — to meet my bride who was arriving from London by air in 4 days while it took me more than that time to reach Leo from here at Tondo. It was a happy meeting I can assure you, and after various formalities had been attended to we were married 4 days later at the British Consulate, according to the Congo law, and afterwards at the tastefully decorated Baptist Church. Our local B.M.S. and A.B.F.M.S. friends were present and they certainly gave us a right royal time. Being a sort of "half-caste" myself the American missionaries treated us as one, or I should say two, of themselves from the very beginning.

A profitable time was spent at the A.B.F.M.S. station of Sona Bata, helping in the hospital work there and making new friends. Thereafter my wife was required to spend some time at the state laboratory in Leo and when that was completed we journeyed up river to our home. We were welcomed with strains of a familiar hymn and led by an improvised choir of village children right up to our very doorstep. How glad they all were to see that I had brought back a wife with me. It was a time of rejoicing for all of us.

But heavy blows were ahead. Two or three weeks after we had settled down a cable was received announcing the loss of all our cases and trunks at Antwerp following upon the German occupation of the country. These goods had apparently never been shipped and had lain in the sheds for some considerable time. Later we heard that no compensation would be paid, for technical reasons, and then we began to realise more than ever the extent of our loss. There were some 30 cases including a large shipment of foodstuffs intended to last us the best part of the year, not to mention the irreparable loss of wedding presents, household and personal articles. Many a missionary in Congo has sustained some loss in this way and we ourselves are endeavouring to bear the spoiling of our goods cheerfully, realizing that lives themselves are being sacrificed in Europe at this very time on our behalf, and that Christ Himself, our Master, suffered all for us.

At the moment the hospital work is being hampered because of lack of adequate supplies, but we hope that there will be a replenishment in the near future. However, I have been able to make my first trip out into the district and see some of the work carried on in the outposts of our mission. It is my task to carry out the annual medical census in the area and it was this work in which I was engaged during my 9 days trip around the Lake.

One Wednesday afternoon I set out in the mission steel boat with my company of nurses and paddlers. It

was slightly choppy but we reached our first port of call, at the other end of the lake, after 4 hours. I settled myself down in the native house reserved for white people. The next morning and all through the day we were busy looking for sleeping sickness and other prevalent diseases in the village population.

Some of the Christians brought gifts of eggs, fruit or chickens which were all very much appreciated. The generosity of these natives is most astounding sometimes. When one considers the meagre "wage" or income they enjoy and then places a value on some of their gifts it puts many of us to shame. For instance, many are the natives who only receive a matter of 9 or 10 francs a week and yet they will willingly give us a chicken worth 2 or 3 francs.

Up at dawn next day and off we went to the chief's village but did not stay the night as there are not many people resident there. Another 3 hours brought us to the place where we intended spending the week-end. I found our teacher in this village very attentive and he frequently came along to talk or walk through the village, this being my first visit there. That Sunday I was privileged to worship in their little chapel and join with them in their praise to God. My wife had been teaching the nurses some of the famillíar C. S. S. M. choruses translated into Lingala and so we made good use of them in our visits to the out-posts. The singing is most lusty and one feels there is a real joy in the hearts of these native Christians as they lift their voices in praise and prayer to our one Heavenly Father.

After the quiet and rest of the Sunday we set out next morning across a part of the lake which was to prove the choppiest of the trip. Once or twice we were broadside on to the waves and I held my breath but we arrived without further ado. It was at this particular village, after I had finished my day's work, that I was strolling along and got into conversation with one of the old worthies. He looked me up and down and event-

ually decided I was but a child, not having a reasonable growth of hair on my chin like himself! Such opportunities enabled me to become a little more fluent in the language but all want me to learn their own dialect, which I certainly hope to do in the future.

We were up before 4 a.m. next morning as there was 6 hours of paddling ahead over a perfect lake. It was a glorious sight to see the sun rise as one huge ball of fire away on the eastern horizon and then to have a breakfast of fish on a point of the lake. By now we had reached the N.W. corner of the lake and were in the channel which connects it with the Congo River at Irebu.

We had brought a fair stock of drugs with us and sold many a dose of worm and itch medicine, but at this particular place we were simply inundated with natives from a neighbouring village, one I was not visiting, desirious of making medical purchases. How they clammered for medicines, and some of them certainly needed attention. They pleaded with me to come oftener and as we pushed out in the morning many were still calling out for aspirins.

By now we were skirting the northern shore of the lake and 2 hours more found us at the second to last village of the tour. Many more were attended to here and the last group of villagers was examined the following day at Ikoko, the "home" of the mission in this area, for it was at this place in the early '90s that the veteran Joseph Clark laboured amongst the cannibalistic tribes and where our veteran native pastor Frank still labours faithfully in what is now virtually a Christian village.

Thus my trip terminated and we reached Tondo well and tanned with so much open-air life. With the return of the school boys this week we begin what at home would be known as the "winter's work" and this time I am in charge of the Sunday School work. It was a joy to me recently to conduct the local Communion Service at which about 100 were present and this is probably just the begin-

ning of a more active part in the purely evangelistic aspect of our work and witness on the station.

Alfred J. B. Russell

VANGA

This past year has been one of much coming and going here at Vanga. The medical department has been much in demand and no less than fourteen white patients were hospitalized here. Several were cases of major operations and seven white babies can claim Vanga as their birthplace since November. These patients have been mostly missionaries from other stations and others our European friends. Since most of them came with their families, Vanga's empty houses were put to good use. For several weeks there were four families living in the Brown house and at one time we numbered twenty-two white people on the station, including the babies. How we wished that some of them might stay with us to fill out some of the neglected duties.

School closed in May with eight graduates. The administrator and the local territorial agent with their wives, the Engwalls and the Atkins honored us with their presence and assistance at the time.

Miss Shepard left in June to resume her studies in Kikongo at Banza Manteke and we do not expect her to return until Octcber. Miss Jorgenson enjoyed a short vacation at Moanza where otherwise Dr. Witt would have been left alone for several weeks. They both returned to Vanga in July, Dr. Witt to take over the medical work. As this is being written Dr. and Mrs. Osterholm and Kathryn Jean are waiting for a boat to take them on their way to Sona Bata where they are to spend a year at the Medical School.

Mr. Robbins is spending the dry season trying to divide himself between the twelve church districts of the Vanga field. He is finding that the work he can do with them in the weeks of the dry season is very superficial compared with the need and can by no means satisfy the immediate demands of the field. Hundreds of earnest candidates must

continue to wait for baptism. Innumerable problems that have been accumulating are still unsolved. Pastors and teachers who have long been urging the missionary to spend time with them in helping them to meet the needs of their particular field and to bring courage to them and their church, must remain unsatisfied with the brief time he could spend with them. The year ahead will have to de divided between the field and the school.

Helen Robbins

* * * *

Just a week ago I sat down to examine candidates for baptism. If you ever want a work that is inspiring and at the same time most exhausting, I invite you to come with me on one of these trips for the examination of candidates for baptism. All these have already been examined by the local pastor. He has found them to be living good lives in their villages. I try to find out about their spiritual experience.

What an inspiration it is to see the multitudes that come. There are the old and gray, the worn and bent. There are the sick and maimed and weak. There are the boys and young men filled with enthusiasm, there are the girls and young women filled with joy. And they are all sinners, every one of them. As I sit there and ask them questions about their souls' understanding of the Lord Jesus my heart goes out to them. Many that come are in a pitiful condition. Some of the older people have lived all their lives in heathenism and now, as the last sands of life are running out, they come wishing to give what little there is left to the Lord Jesus. Some know so little sbout Him.

Others have an experience and a testimony which no sceptic could deny. One old lady with a radiant smile testified how little by little the understanding of the Gospel had entered her heart and how she had surrendered to Christ. When she was approved for baptism and left me, she waved both arms in the air and shouted to the others in exuberant joy, "I have been accepted! I have been accepted!"

William F. Robbins

CONGO MISSION DIRECTORY

Listed in order of arrival on field or at station — present term.

BANZA MANTEKE

Rev. and Mrs. J.E. Geil
Miss Mary Bonar
Miss Esther Ehnbom
Miss Lena Youngsman

KIKONGO

Rev. and Mrs. C.E. Smith
Miss Agnes Anderson
Miss Grace Cooper

KIMPESE

Dr. C.L. Mabie
Rev. and Mrs. U.A. Lanoue

LEOPOLDVILLE

Rev. and Mrs. E.G. Hall

MOANZA

Rev. and Mrs. Ernest Atkins
Rev. and Mrs. L.A. Brown
Miss Ruth Dickey

SONA BATA

Rev. and Mrs. H. Erickson
Dr. and Mrs. G.W. Tuttle
Miss Mildred Tice
Rev.and Mrs. P.A. MacDiarmid
Miss Emily Satterberg
Miss Vendla Anderson
Dr. and Mrs. A.C. Osterholm

TONDO

Rev. and Mrs. H.D. Brown
Dr. and Mrs. A.J.B. Russell (B.M.S.)

VANGA

Miss Eva Shepard
Miss Alice Jorgenson
Rev. and Mrs. W.F. Robbins
Dr. Dorothea Witt

SPECIAL WORK

Rev. and Mrs. G.W. Carpenter

ON FURLOUGH

Rev. and Mrs. T.E. Bubeck
Mr. and Mrs. H.J. Watkins
Rev. and Mrs. B.W. Armstrong
Rev. and Mrs. M.S. Engwall
Dr. and Mrs. H.M. Freas
Miss Marguerite Eldredge